THE PACIFIC

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Pac. Theo Sem
Reading Room

NOW.

"If you have hard work to do,
Today the skies are clear and blue,
Tomorrow clouds may come in view,
Yesterday is not for you;
Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,
Sing it now.
Let the notes of gladness ring
Clear as song of bird in Spring,
Let every day some music bring;
Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,
Say them now.
Tomorrow may not come your way.
Do a kindness while you may,
Loved ones will not always stay;
Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,
Show it now.
Make hearts happy, roses grow,
Let the friends around you know
The love you have before they go;
Show it now."

THE PACIFIC

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SAN FRANCISCO'S LESSON.

During the last week Mayor Schmitz took one more step—a big one—toward the penitentiary. Convicted of extortion, he is being, every day, entangled more and more in the meshes of the consequences of wrong-doing. Mayor Schmitz's sins are finding him out. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard. In the experiences through which the members of the corrupt gangs in San Francisco are now going there are lessons for people all over our land. God means that righteousness shall be the rule in the lives of men everywhere sometime. They who heed the lesson as it is given in the lives and experiences of others will be saved some bitter experiences in their own lives. In some way the lesson must be learned. It is God's will. Was God in the earthquake and the fire? In some manner he was. Very few have attempted to say in just what manner. Is he in the disclosures of corruption in San Francisco? Certainly he is. Long ago was it written, "Be sure your sin will find you out." And again: "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed." God has so arranged the laws of the universe that sin must be disclosed. It is not always in this life, but it is sometime, somewhere.

We should not be surprised at a full confession a little later on the part of Schmitz. Reuf's burden became greater than he could bear and he confessed. He says that the coming of members of his family day after day into his place of confinement and sitting there mutely in grief had something to do with his confession. Thus it is; if it is not one thing, it is another; something breaks the man; something brings him finally to himself, and he reveals all. There was a few years ago a marked illustration of this. The pastor of a prominent church in San Francisco went astray. The church tribunal that was assembled did not convict him as charged; there was not sufficient evidence for the courts to have convicted him . And yet in a few months he voluntarily made confession, and suffered humiliation before all the world. Whether within the church or without there are forces moving upon the hearts of men that are certain to bring about sometime the disclosure of sin. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"—true to life—shows this. Again and again, all over the world, as well among those who have been professing Christians as among those who have not been, men have borne witness that the burden of their sins so weighted them down that they felt that they must confess or die; and many a criminal fleeing from justice and caught at last has told of release from a burden almost intolerable and has faced with relief long years in prison.

A NOBLE WORKER AND A SPLENDID WORK

We commend to all our readers the article by Chaplain Rowell of the San Francisco Port Society. It is well worth reading. It is a splendid work in which this man of God is leading in his 87th year. No one can read his article this week and fail to realize that the work which Chaplain Rowell has carried on for forty-eight years in San Francisco among the seamen as they have come to the harbor within the Golden Gate, from all the ports of the world, has been a grand work. Old Yale never sent out a man more devoted to righteousness. He has walked ever with God and has been crowned with years far beyond the three score and ten. It has been said in sacred writ that they who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. Chaplain Rowell shines in California in his beautiful old age and will continue to shine in the many mansions beyond.

Let us take our readers into a secret. Our venerable friend who is so active and efficient in God's vineyard after having passed his 86th birthday does not know that an article from his pen appears in The Pacific this week; in fact he did not know that such an article was to appear in our columns at any time. And yet it will be observed that the caption reads "The Work of the San Francisco Port Society—by Chaplain Rowell." This is the way it came about: the 47th annual report of the Society had been put into the hands of our printer for the issuance in pamphlet form of 300 copies. When the proof of the same had come into the hands of the present writer for reading there came the thought, this part of the report is too fine and suggestive for circulation in a manner so limited. At once the order went to the foreman, "Save Chaplain Rowell's article in the annual report for The Pacific next week." "It can't be used," was the reply; "it is 23 em measure and The Pacific ic 21 ems." "Set it up again then in proper measure, and let it be in brevier so that we shall be able to find room for it," was the word in reply. Accordingly we give it to our readers this week with but a few omissions, and beg the Chaplain's forgiveness for the theft.

The article in The Pacific a few weeks ago, concerning the Green Street Congregational Church of San Francisco, resulted in securing for the proposed new building $1,000 from a lady member of a Presbyterian church in New York. Would that what appears this week might turn the hearts of many very generously towards the work in which Chaplain Rowell has been leading so devotedly these many years. At present a sprained or dislocated ankle keeps him at his home at 2234 Howard street, San Francisco. When that shall have been mended his presence and cooperation will be welcomed again in all religious circles and efforts hereabouts.

The San Francisco Argonaut has been having some ringing editorials of late on the labor situation in the city. We commend for a careful reading the Argonaut article which we give this week, entitled, "The Supreme Issue." It contains a great deal of good common sense, and will in the main doubtless meet with the endorsement of all fair-minded pople.

THE MEN OF THE CHURCH AND MISSIONS.

The recent Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, which was addressed by the Rev. H. M. Tenney, the Pacific coast secretary of the American Board, was one of considerable interest and value. Mr. Tenney spoke concerning the movement to secure to a greater extent the intelligent interest and cooperation of the men of the churches in missionary work. He stated that there is a great lack of information among men on the subject of missions. Although it ought not so to operate, yet it is a fact that the growth of the work directed by the women has tended to relieve men of a sense of responsibility in the work, and the results accordingly are not what they should be. There was no criticism on the part of Mr Tenney, nor by any one participating in the discussion, of the work of the women. Mr. Tenney said: "The women have done well. But in some way the men should be inspired to do equally as well."

It was evident from what was brought out in the address and in the discussion which followed that the contributions are not as large as they would be if the men were more systematically interested. One pastor stated that he had learned from experience that many a man would draw his check for a larger sum, if solicited, than would go into the missionary treasury from those homes through the channels of the societies of the women. When this is coupled with the fact that it has come to pass that in some of the churches now the foreign missionary contributions from a large number of homes are wholly through the medium of the auxiliaries of the Woman's Board it is evident that there is not being realized all that ought to be.

An effort made in the First Church of Tacoma is suggestive in this connection. It was feared that without some special effort the foreign missionary contributions of the church would fall far below the amount which was contributed last year in the million dollar campaign; there was an earnest desire that it should not fall below, because of the urgent need in the foreign field. Accordingly it was arranged that the women of the church should make a canvass in that interest. As a result $775 were secured, and it is thought that the amount will be made at least $1,000 finally. This will bring the contribution within $200 of the amount contributed by the Tacoma church last year, in the special effort made all over the country, and will make it more than double the amount contributed any other year. And all this without any lessening of the contributions through the auxiliary of the Woman's Board.

Is there not in this a suggestion to other churches? "Go thou and do likewise."

It is evident that in some way the men of the churches must be reached as they have not been reached. They must be brought to see the grand field of opportunity for Christian service stretching out before them, and to such a realization of responsibility as will cause them to put into it some of that spirit and energy which they put into business and so win the world for Christ.

At the Monday meeting when this matter was considered it was suggested that an effort be made to utilize so far as possible the men's clubs; let some attention be given therein to this highly important work—the evangelization of the whole round world.

A TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Pilgrim Church, Oakland.

Our account of the 20th anniversary of Pilgrim Church, Oakland, was crowded out last week—so crowded out that the Editor had no time to write a line about it except the ten or twelve in the paper of June the 6th, making mention of the first of the three services which were held during the anniversary week. The writer had the pleasure of being present at all three of the services; and so, to rejoice with the church in that God had so lovingly led it all through its score of years.

How appropriate the address of the Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, the pastor, on Sunday morning! The choice words of a choice spirit! What wonder that Professor Buckham and the Rev. C. R. Brown should on Wednesday evening congratulate the church on its pastor; and, because of what he is and what Pilgrim Church is, stand in the pulpit and with words of wisdom and helpfulness seek to add to the influence of the church and its pastor in the city!

Pilgrim Church has in its membership one of Oakland's beloved physicians, Dr. W. J. Wilcox, who in the midst of a busy life as a physician, has given himself unstintedly in the service of the church ever since its organization twenty years ago. We never come into acquaintance with such physicians as Dr. Wilcox without there coming to mind the words of the great London doctor to the doctor of the old school, in the "Bonnie Brier Bush," "Give's another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you; you are an honor to our profession."

In Mrs. Wilcox there survives the spirit of the Dwinells which operated in early California days so greatly for the good of man and the glory of God.

It is one of the mysteries of God's providence that a fatal malady laid hold of their beloved son a few months ago and that recently he passed on into the life beyond.

"And I said in under-breath, 'All our life is mixed
with death,
And who knoweth which is best?'"

Pilgrim Church has also in its membership the Rev. Walter Frear whose many years of earnest service in California, and Hawaii, and as the coast secretary of the American Board has endeared him widely.

But space would fail us to tell of the many noble people in Pilgrim Church, now cooperating to make it do well its part in the advancement of the kingdom of God upon the earth. No one could mingle with them that anniversary week and survey past and present and fail to realize that the church has every reason for thanking God and taking courage. It has been and it is a great power for good in Oakland, and far wider. Its missionary spirit has always been marked—the sowing being beside all waters. Pastors of the past, and the present—Clapp, Silcox, McNutt, Willett, Hallock, Knodell, Brooks—The Pacific greets and congratulates you in that it was given to you each in your time and place in Pilgrim Church to build yourselves into the life of a church with a record of such usefulness as that of Pilgrim in the past and one with so great promise for the future!

No abilities, however splendid, can command success withotu intense labor and persevering application.

THE SECURITY OF GOOD.

The Rev. William Rader preached last Sunday morning in Calvary Church, San Francisco, to a congregation of nearly five hundred people on "The Security of Good." The text was, "For we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose." The preacher said in substance: This text is not believed by a large number of people. But more strength and sunshine will come into the lives of all who grasp the truth of it. The "all things" take in all the world—every experience, every heartache and bitter tear. All history is included. The centuries are not independent grains of sand, but links in a chain. All the revolutions of the world are related—all reforms also; they are the separate chapters of one great book. Laws do not clash. Sunrise does not fight sunset—nor winter the autumn; they work together.

The need for seeing through to the end was emphasized. The battle of Gettysburg when half through was a failure. The painting must not be judged when half finished.

In showing that the working together for good is for those who love God, it was said that the man who tramples law under his feet cannot come under the text. When a man begins to go down hill things seem to be arranged to assist him. Historical references: Napoleon, Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr.

The mysteries of life were considered, and yet it was made evident that there can be no permanent disadvantage to the man who is good—no defeat in the long run. "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose!" I wish you could take that to the cemetery and stand with it by that little green mound, said the preacher, take it with you into all the experiences of life. Paul took it as he walked the road to martyrdom. So also did Polycarp carry it with him to the burning stake. All along the centuries a great multitude have taken the apostolic words with them as they moved along the pathway of life and have been satisfied.

Nothing, rest assured, can separate you from the love of God. You and God are a majority. On the summit of the truth in the closing words in the 8th of Romans Paul stood and rested. On that summit all can stand.

MORE BISHOPS.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has 102 bishops in the United States, who supervise three quarters of a million members. The Roman Catholic Church has one hundred and six archbishops and bishops who supervise eleven million communicants. The Methodist Episcopal Church has 15 bishops, only 12 of whom are assigned to work in the United States. These supervise 16,000 churches and three million members.

The Methodist Bishops Overworked.

It is said that the Methodist bishops are overworked and that the next general conference will be appealed to for some relief. We quote from an article in the Boston Transcript:

"No longer, it is said, are men being urged for the honor of the episcopacy by their well-meaning friends, as they were until very recent years; but now leaders in the church are seeking for men upon whom it will be safe to lay the tremendous work and responsibility of the office. For the Methodist Church, some leaders say, is rapidly killing off its bishops with work.

"Four of the bishops have died since the general conference of 1904—Merrill, Fitzgerald, Joyce and McCabe. Bishops Fowler and Hamilton have been too ill for months to actively engage in the work of their office. It is pointed out that in all but a very few instances the bishops who have died in recent years have literally dropped. As a leading Methodist expresses it: 'They have to work until they stagger and drop.' Bishop Joyce, who died two years ago, said shortly before his death that he had been in his own home only five nights in as many months, and had done most of his sleeping on railroad trains.

"In several particulars the system which governs the appointments of Methodist bishops is deemed to be faulty. Although opinion is by no means unanimous in the church, some leaders are outspoken in saying that the assignments of the bishops to annual conferences is uneconomic. A bishop may be appointed to live in Buffalo, for example, and he may be assigned to preside over conferences in New England, in Mexico, and in the state of Washington. Examples as extreme as this are by no means unknown in the Methodist Church.

Several plans have been suggested for remedying the conditions. It is impossible to say whether any one of them will meet the approval of the general conference, but it is certain that some of them will be considered by that body. One plan calls for an increase in the number of bishops. The Methodist Chruch is growing at the rate of fully 75,000 members every year, and there has been no proportionate increase in the number of its superintendents. The last general conference elected eleven bishops, four of them missionary. This was the largest number ever elected at one conference, and showed that three years ago the church was alive to the situation. There are those who predict that an even larger number of bishops will be chosen next year.

"Another suggested remedy is the choosing of younger men for the episcopacy. The eleven men chosen in 1901 averaged fifty-four years of age, the youngest being forty-six, the oldest sixty-three. That there will be an effort to reduce the average age in next year's selections there seems to be no doubt. There is grave question as to whether any change can be made next year in the method of appointing bishops to residences and assigning them to conferences. The latter depends upon the bishops themselves, and the former is governed by a committee of the general conference only recently established. Something may be done, leaders say, by these existing agencies without intervention of the conference."

The Protestant Episcopal.

Although the Protestant Episcopal Church now has 102 bishops it is likely to increase the number. There are indications that at least nine will be added to the number. Readjustment of the Rocky Mountain districts is urged. Although that region comprises two-fifths of the United States there are but twelve bishops to supervise it.

It has been suggested that Western Colorado be created a district and Nevada another; that Northern Idaho be set apart from what is now the Spokane

district, and that Wyoming be constituted a district in itself, and that the present bishop of Laramie be given Western Nebraska. The setting apart of Eastern Oregon is also being considered. Another district in Mexico, with a Mexican presbyter is a probability, as is also one in Panama. Georgia will be divided, Ohio rearranged; and perhaps Minnesota and Iowa be given increased forces. There is likely to be a division of the diocese of Pittsburg, as well as of that of Southern Illinois.

Among the questions for consideration at the next convention will be that of the election of a colored presbyter to be in charge of the work among the colored people. It is said that some of the colored people oppose the movement.

THE SHARERS IN THE PRODUCTS OF INDUSTRY.

The following from the Wall Street Journal is timely:

The larger the business is, the more moderate will be the rate of profits required to pay the capitalist his due.—Goldwin Smith.

Here is a fundamental truth which is apt to be overlooked in controversies affecting the relations of capital and labor. For many years the mischievous doctrine has been preached by those men who misunderstand economic principles or forget economic history, that growth in the size of business is a menace to the progress of labor. An analysis of the elements into which the products of industry are divided will show the fallacy of this view.

There are usually three shares which must be provided for to organize and to give continued existence to production. These are the rent of lands, the wages of labor and the profits on capital. On account of the advantages of location, rents are matters which settle themselves more or less automatically. The wages of labor, depending generally on the relation of supply and demand, are affected by many conditions, such as the degree of skill required, the continuity of employment, the extent of organization and the freedom with which labor moves from one market to another. Finally the cost of living and the rising standard of comfort have much to do with increasing the share which labor receives of the products of industry.

Profits, though usually expressed in the form of a rate of interest on capital, contain another element, namely, that for risks which have to be borne by an industry to insure its continuity. This refers not simply to the insurance against fire losses and other injuries which cannot be foreseen. This form of insurance is simply a distribution of losses among a large number of similar investments by which damages may be collected from the many and paid to the few who actually suffer. But the greater risks of industry are those which involve suspension of operations by the loss of markets, by intenser competition, and by inventions which enable one rival establishment to turn out a product at a price so much below the customary cost as to threaten extinction to its competitors.

It is the guarantee against such hazards as these that swells the rates of profits and makes the share which the investor of capital gets seem unnecessarily large. But it is the capitalist, rather than the laborer or the owner of land, that has to bear these hazards, which at any time but for such insurance might wipe out the whole enterprise and render future increase in investment hopeless.

It is well worth the while of the wage-earner to consider carefully this phase of the subject after years of prosperity in manufactures and in transportation. Just at this time it is becoming more and more difficult to borrow money to maintain some of our largest transportation systems at their highest point of efficiency. The earning power of the many millions already invested is likely to be reduced by the want of a few millions mor for maintenance and the supply of necessary facilities to handle increasing business. In times of liberal earnings the wiser policy has always been not only to anticipate maintenance needs as one of the risks of growth, but also to treasure up a surplus fund against the larger demands of improvement and equipment in the future.

The presence of such a surplus reserve, either in the hands of the company or the community, should not be looked upon as a signal for strife for a new deal, but rather as a means of securing both labor and capital against danger, stagnation or even industrial death.

The enlarging scale of business short of virtual monopoly is one of the certain means by which economic progress eliminates these risks. It is thus that the rate of profits per unit of investment is likewise gradually reduced, and the share of labor in the products of industry increased. Time and the laws of economic evolution are with labor and it can therefore well afford to show patience rather than to become party to violence or revolution.

THE CHANGING ORDER.

The Indianapolis News says: "We noted recently that for the first time since Maine had been a State (1820) Fast Day had ceased of observance. The Legislature abolished it and substituted a Patriots' Day—April 19, for Concord and Lexington—following the example of Massachusetts, set some years ago. Now Massachusetts is wrestling with the Sunday question—and thus New England changes. The land of steady habits is at all events changing. We may well hope and believe that the change is not for the worse. But that there is change and that there will be is certain. Goethe said that nothing was fixed but the certainty of change. So in Massachusetts now the question is, What kind of Sunday shall there be—that is, so far as law makes Sunday, or Lord's day, as the statutes of the State call it? Naturally there is division of opinion on the subject. A committee appointed by the Legislature to revise the laws was unable to agree except on the proposition that a weekly day of rest was needed for the preservation of the health and strength of the community.

"There is a strong feeling that every safeguard should be made to prevent the encroachment of business and ordinary occupations, but to concede that the Sunday of today as the people live it is not the Sunday of their ancestors, which is described on the statute books, and that the restoration of that Sunday is neither possible nor desirable. There is with this a sentiment that people that seek entertainment on that day should be allowed by law to have it provided that such entertainment does not imply a heathenish defiance of the associations of the day, and that perhaps to this end the wiser way may be licensing or permission by law, so that control may be exercised over the

character of the entertainment. Whatever shall be the outcome, the process is interesting and may be edifying. At all events, it is a sort of formal notice that the old order changeth and that staid New England is recognizing this fact."

THE WORK OF THE SAN FRANCISCO PORT SOCIETY.

By Chaplain Rowell.

The San Francisco Port Society recently entered on its 48th year.

One year ago last April the forty-sixth annual report of this Society was in the hands of the printer and ready for distribution, but was burned in the dreadful fire of April 18-20 which laid our city in ashes. Our church building was on the water front where the burning started, and was the first of all the city churches to go down under the torrent of flame. That was a tragic funeral. A many-storied wholesale liquor store across the street from us, was wrapped in flame, and the hundreds of barrels of alcoholic liquors in it, were sending up a broad sheet of flame two hundred feet or so in height, throwing a fearful heat upon our building, till the whole front of the church from tower to basement suddenly flashed into flame, and in an hour or two that sacred house, in which, more than in any other church in the city, God had shed forth saving grace on the souls and lives of lost men, and that beautiful pulpit, world noted, had vanished in smoke and ashes.

It was fitting, perhaps, that the house, in which for thirty-nine years, war had been waged against the most deadly foe of the church and human weal, should at last be set on fire by burning alcohol, though not in revenge. That house is gone, but the fight is not ended. Victory for truth and righteousness is not far away, and our next house of worship will have its share in it.

For two days after the church was burned I did not know of it, though I had little doubt about it. The soldier guards prevented all access to the water front, and besides I was fully occupied in watching the fire in its steady march toward my dwelling. That was a march which no one could see and ever forget. I faced a wall of flame a mile in length, and from fifty to two hundred feet in height, with not a breath of wind to help or hinder it, standing straight in the air, and lapping over block after block of houses, not hesitating for streets, till many square miles of thickly settled territory were left a smoking and blackened desolation; in its calm, swift march seeming to say, "Get out of the way—I am coming." And the people who could obey the behest were eager to do so. Thousands crowded the streets that led southward, laden with all they could carry on their backs, and if asked "Where are you going?" could answer only with a plaintive "I don't know," That was no time to find out, or even to inquire about the fate of the church building. The only thought of comfort in the raging tumult was: "God reigns; God is love," and happy were they who could take in this truth.

Our house of worship has dropped out of sight. We turned our backs on it on Sunday night, not dreaming that we should never see it again. "Our holy and beautiful house, where our sailors worshipped, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."

Hallowed, life-long memories hover about that blackened site. Our monthly communion seasons, with little bands of converted seamen standing, to give assent to our church covenant, and then going out, perhaps never to join in such an exercise again!

That line of missionaries, nine in number, who, following one by one, served with us in Christ, for the salvation of seamen, whose labors were abundant and fruitful, and whose prayers and exhortations in our devotional meetings were an inspiration! They are gone, some to their heavenly rest, some to other fields of labor, and one faithful toiler still remaining in the field.

There come into my field of vision a host of familiar faces, each telling its own tale of redemption. I see, standing in our prayer room, a stalwart man, shock headed, large headed, his face showing marks of dissipation, and battered as with all the storms of the ocean. He is in deep distress and calls, "I am a great sinner! Can there be mercy for me?" He soon gains a sweet, bright hope in Christ, and then he tells me his story. "I have been a very wicked man and criminal. I can describe to you the inside of the prison of nearly every chief seaport of the world. I have disgraced my family, and my name is a forbidden word in my father's house. No one dares name it in his presence. And now I must go back to my old home in Wales, and see if my father is yet alive; for I have not heard a word from home in many years." He went home, and wrote me from there: "I came to my father's house and knocked at the door. My sister opened it. I knew her, but she did not know me. I called her by name, and said: 'I am Thomas, and I am a Christian.' She did not ask me to come in, but ran into father's room and cried, 'Father, Thomas has come, and he is a Christian.' 'Let him come in,' was the answer. I went in and saw my father, very ill, and near to death. He did not know me, but spoke sternly, 'Are you Thomas?' 'Yes, father, I am your Thomas.' 'Are you a Christian, Thomas?' 'Yes, father, I am a Christian," I answered. 'Let me hear you pray.' I kneeled down by his bedside and prayed the best I could for him and for myself. He seemed satisfied, and said, 'Yes, Thomas, you are a Christian.' Then he raised his hands and said, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'" He died and in the Presbyterian church in which he was an elder, prayer was publicly offered for the Mariners' Church of San Francisco. His mother kept in her bedroom a card on which was the picture of our church building, and as long as she lived, knelt before it daily, and prayed for the church where her son found the Savior. No doubt we have received much blessing from God in answer to her grateful prayers. The man himself has gone out of our knowledge, and is doubtless dead. We shall see him next in Heaven.

Another face rises before me. It is that of a blonde young man from an English ship. He stands in the farthest corner of our prayer room, and with no introduction, says, "I have determined not to leave this room till I become a Christian." He was taken in hand and found the Savior then and there. Afterwards he told me his story. His widowed mother earned a slender living for her children in old England by teaching. She was a godly woman, but almost heart broken by the wilful waywardness and wrong doing of this boy, her oldest child. To get him under some control she bound him out as an apprentice on an English ship. But, boy as he was, he became daringly wicked, and his mother almost lost hope for him. But when he wrote her that he had become a Christian, her joy was inexpressible. Her letters came to him and to us full of thankfulness and Christian love. He went home and met a joyful welcome. He wrote, "My mother called in her pastor and all her friends, and we had a night of jubilee over the prodigal returned." We have lost sight of him. I presume that he never went to sea again.

Another face comes into view. The man is a little old for a sailor, and has written over him the marks of excessive use of strong drink. He is in distress because of his sins, and begs us to pray for him. Before the meeting is done he is happily resting in conscious forgiveness. Then his thought turns homeward, and he earnestly pleads, "I want you to pray that my wife may be converted." Prayer was made for her, but he is not satisfied. He rises again and says, "Pray that I may find my wife converted when I reach Liverpool." The prayer of faith is offered for his desire, and he becomes quiet. He wrote from Liverpool: "When we came into dock, a nicely dressed woman and two children were standing there awaiting us, but I could not see who they were. But when we got into dock I found they were my own, and that my wife had found my Savior." This man still goes to sea and lives a godly life. Once a year or two, he comes to his spiritual birthplace and testifies to the faithful keeping of his Savior.

Then I see, in thin line, but a great host in all, sailors of various nations, coming in and going out like figures in a moving panorama. There are little groups of apprentices with their gilt buttons, and large companies of before-the-mast-men, in plainer apparel. They come and go, and almost all are strangers,—we seldom see the same face a second time. They are with us just a little while and listen earnestly to our message but obey it not, and are soon gone out of our sight, to return no more. Oh how many thousands of living men we thus plead with, and, seemingly, wholly in vain! "We have spent our strength for naught and in vain." Yet here and there one,—and one by one they count up more than fifty-seven hundreds—bears and heeds, and gazes on the blood stained cross, and goes away singing God's praise. These are they who make life and labor worth while, and we are sure that though we may meet them here no more, we shall see them again by and by in white robes.

But Oh! how many of these faces, as they appear to me now, seem clouded and anguished! Here is a bright young apprentice, who kneels with us in prayer and is almost persuaded to accept Christ, but is not quite able to do so. And before the next Sabbath he has fallen into the bay and is drowned. And there is another, very much like this one, who says in all honesty, "I cannot do this tonight, but I give you my promise that I will come back on Tuesday evening and give myself to Christ." But on Monday he is killed by a railroad train. Oh! What a despairing look is on these faces as they pass before me! And how great a host they are! They crowd vision, and cannot be counted. When we look at the company of the hopefully saved, they seem a large number, but when we let them mingle with the host of the unsaved, we can hardly see them at all for their fewness. The others have come by tens and scores, have listened to our pleading, hardened their wills, and gone away unsaved. When we look at these hundreds of thousands forever gone out of our reach, we put our faces in the dust and cry, "O God! lay not this sin to our charge." For surely, had we been true and earnest enough, and so full of the Holy Spirit as we ought to have been, our converts would have been ten times their present number. Yet it is a great comfort, now, to hope and believe that many of those we did not win, may have been led to Christ later and elsewhere. I believe it—I am sure of it.

That sacred temple of God has vanished, and not one of us was permitted to look on its pyre, for most were fleeing for their lives. But there are thousands of saved men now living who will never cease to thank God that it once stood on that corner. One of these, now engaged in large work for Christ and sailors, writes me: "The dearest spot on earth to me is that where stood the old Mariners' Church, for there it was that I found the Savior." I do not doubt that were there any way to get at all these saved ones, they would turn their pockets inside out to give us the means to build a new house, such as we need. But they are scattered the wide world over, and a great number of them are now praising God in a more beautiful temple, where "the Lamb is the light thereof." For nearly forty years the cloud was on that tabernacle by day, and the fire by night, and very few were the weeks in which some precious souls did not find the cleansing power of the blood of Christ. To all eternity shall we hear thousands of saints in glory praise God that that wooden temple, raised its spire and shook out its "Bethel" flag in the midst of poverty and squalor, and held its own there till surrounded and crowded by rushing, unhallowed business, the only holy spot in miles of wealthy worldliness,—the only spot in all that region where angels climbed up and down the ladder whose top was lost to sight in Heaven.

But now for the future. What new mercies and opportunities has God in store for us? Life is not done yet, nor is our work finished. A better temple than the old must open its doors to the increasing throng of sailors, and the glory of the latter must surpass that of the former. We confidently trust God to give us "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." We look to him to give us increasing power to meet continually increasing need.

In the first place, then, San Francisco is in pressing need today of a first class Sailors' Home. The city is already rising, Phoenix-like, from its ashes, and will soon double its population. The so-called Orient—though it lies to the west of us—is dawning into civilization, and will soon open to us a boundless commerce. The people of this coast will outgrow and be ashamed of the narrowness of vision that cannot see in the Chinese, Japanese and Koreans, brethren with souls as large as their own; and this port will become the New York of the Pacific coast. There is now in this city no adequate provision for the sailors we have, much less for double and quadruple their number, that will soon be here. Our Port Society should build and own and manage a Home that could house five hundred men, and give them all the appliances they need to make them good men, good sailors, gentlemen and Christians. These must find here board and lodging, reading rooms for different nationalities, instruction in navagation, a furnishing store, a gymnasium with ample games and amusements, a restaurant, a large assembly room for social meetings, entertainments, lectures and concerts, and, of course, rooms for missionaries, and suitable provision for public worship. It is better that the Sailors' Church be joined in bands with the Sailors' Home, and that seamen have no need to go here and there to find any needed supplies.

And if any shall say, as many have said to me, "This is too ambitious a scheme; sailors ought not to expect that so much as this shall be done for them," I reply, "It is not too much for them to ask and for us to give." The sailors of today are not those of the past time. They are becoming more and more a respectable and self-respecting class of men. They are not the drunken rabble they were when I came here forty-eight years ago. Then it was not safe for a sober man, and much less for a woman, to be found on our water front streets at night, for they were sure to encounter gangs of drunken sailors, singing, shouting and cursing, and ready to insult and assault passers-by. All this has gone by, and now there are no safer streets in this city than those on our water front. Ladies traverse them by day and night and are never insulted. More than fifty-five hundred persons have signed, in our old church, the pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, and today a drunken sailor is in ill repute among his fellows. But sober and respectable men must have respectable conditions and surroundings. The scores of ill-smelling, rum-sodden shacks that cursed the sailors' quarters of the old San Francisco are no fit resorts for decent men, —such men as the commerce of today and tomorrow demands.

The old time Sailors' Homes were a great blessing in their day, because they were so much better resorts than th rum-boarding houses, but their day is past. They cannot answer present needs. This fact is generally recognized, and fine buildings for the housing of sailors are built in all the chief seaports of the world. It is time for this city, with its splendid future dawning, to get out of the old ruts, and do as well for her sailors as New York and London and Liverpool, where seamen find refuge in large and fine buildings, supplied with all needed appliances for comfort and improvement. If we are to have worthy men for seamen, we must provide the means to make and keep them such.

And now, all this provision for seamen is by no means a charity, bestowed on needy men. It is only a partial payment of a debt which we owe them, which we people of the land owe to the men of the sea, for their unspeakable hardships, sufferings and deprivations, endured for us, though not of purpose, which we can never pay. It is only right and justice that we do for them all that we can to make their hard life endurable. When we shall have provided for them to the best of our power, we shall not have paid all the debt we owe them.

And farther than this, our own interests require us to do all we can to make them capable and worthy men. As a business proposition, our business men ought to build a first class Sailors' Home for San Francisco. How can they afford to entrust billions of dollars worth of merchandise and thousands of precious lives to the care of men who are neither competent nor faithful? Our railroads, banks and manufacturers are coming to understand that they must have sober and competent men for their work, and surely our commerce needs such men no less than these. Our business men can well afford to make the best possible provision for the health and morals of our sailors. Such a Home as this ought to be provided for this city at once.

Why, then, is it not done? Simply for lack of means. At the present high cost of labor and materials, we could not safely undertake to provide an adequate Home for this city for less than a half million dollars. And who is to supply this vast want? In the present stress, it is, of course, impossible for our business men here to do it, and while we have for nearly a year been making all possible effort to get at the wealthy people in the East who can do it, and probably would, were the matter brought properly before them, the effort, so far, has been of no avail. We cry to Almighty God for help, and while "the heart of the king is in the hands of the Lord," our prayer is not yet answered. At some time and in some way—of course, the best time and way—a fit Sailors' Home and house of worship will be provided for these men in this city.

But our need is pressing, and we must not wait any longer. Our Board of Directors have decided to borrow money and erect such a building as we can for this purpose, though it will be entirely inadequate. An architect is preparing plans and specifications for a building of brick, three or four stories in height, the larger part of which will be used for commercial purposes, to provide means for

paying the inevitable debt, with one story, only, reserved for church and social work. We shall be much hampered for lack of room, but must do with it the best we can, till God shall provide better for us. In some respects we shall be better off than we were in our former building, where we were under troublesome limitations. We expect to be able, after a few months, to get out of that wretched little tent and into a more fit dwelling place for God and his church.

The tabernacle which Moses built was made glorious by the bright cloud that enveloped it, but the worship of God's people was not settled till Solomon had built the temple. And we have seen the glory of the Lord in our old wooden house, and we expect to have larger revelations in the next temple of brick, but we shall not cease to pray and expect, till our worshipping seamen shall be housed in a temple of steel and stone.

THE SUPREME ISSUE.

The San Francisco Argonaut On the Labor Situation.

There are, we are told, those who think that the Argonaut has put an undue emphasis upon the unionist phase of the difficulties in San Francisco. If indeed there be such, we respectfully invite their attention to events of the past ten days at home and elsewhere going to illustrate the character, the temper, the tendencies, the inevitable developments of labor unionism unrestrained by responsibility, under the lead of the sort of scoundrelism which gets to the front of every labor fight. Organized labor is by no means the only force which, left free from restraint, runs to selfishness, to rapacity, to passion, to madness. History gives us ten thousand instances of the same spirit in every sphere of human activity. There has never been a government which, if left free to pursue its own courses, did not degenerate into a tyranny. Even the great organized beneficences of the world—for example, the Society of Jesus—when given free rein under the guidance of interest and passion, have gone to the limits of greed, arrogance, and criminality. Even the spirit of religion in its varied phases and developments—the religion of Jesus the Christ among others—has become a spirit of tyranny whenever and wherever it has been abandoned by restraint, whenever and wherever its agents have been left free to work their will. Labor union has no monopoly of that instinct of degeneracy which unfailingly seizes upon every agency abandoned to the corruptions which flow out of selfishness, bigotry, and the passions of conflict.

These reflections come irresistibly in relation to events widely reported during the last ten days. Take the Idaho case whose recitals day by day are making every daily newspaper in the land a chapter of horrors. Here is the case of an association of workingmen inspired at the beginning with purposes not only legitimate but even beneficent. Read over the literature embodying the fundamental aims and laws of the Western Federation of Miners, and you will find nothing in which the most devoted moralist can pick a flaw. But look at what has grown out of and upon this simple and, at its beginning, legitimate organization! We will not go over the long and grewsome record which shows this federation of workingmen to have degenerated into a federation of criminals, among whose every-day weapons of defense and offense have been theft, arson, private assassination and slaughter by wholesale. We see the agents of this monstrous infamy plotting and carrying out the cruelest and grossest crimes, not more for the advancement of the common interest of their followers than by way of maintaining their own place and power at the head of affairs. We see the foulest assassinations "pulled off" because striking and dramatic effects are required to inspirit the rank and file and to win new periods of power for those in authority. It would be impossible to find, even in the annals of the dark ages, a picture more dreadful in every aspect, more deplorable as illustrating human degeneracy and depravity. And this we discover as an effect of labor unionism unrestrained in the year 1907.

The Idaho case gives special significance and emphasis to events at home—in and about San Francisco. Within a month we have seen a state of open and violent warfare in our streets; we have seen, and we can see daily, citizens stoned and beaten for no other crime than that of going about a lawful business; we have seen women and young girls openly insulted, called by every foul name that malice allied with vulgarity can devise; we have seen a respectable workingman shot down on the street for no other crime save that of declining to obey the behests of unionism; we have seen in the sending of explosive packages to the homes of workmen attempts, through wholesale assassination of women and children, to terorize fathers, sons, and brothers who choose to work independently of unionist authority. It is only a week ago that a railway bridge within ten miles of San Francisco was found so weakened by malicious tampering at the hands of unionists or their sympathizers that the first car to pass over it would have been wrecked with inevitable sacrifice of all on board.

These multiplied instances make a demonstration neither to be denied nor questioned by common sense and common honesty. They go to show that labor unionism in its extreme development and as we have it in San Francisco is not a thing to be cajoled and petted and coddled and compromised with, but a very cancer whose existence is inconsistent with every principle we call American, and that, if allowed further development, it will strangle and destroy our system with the civilization upon which it is founded. No union can safely permit the development within itself of an organized force which tends at every point to moral degeneracy, which engrosses power at every step, which exacts from its members a "loyalty" above and beyond their obligation to the law, which exercises an authority more absolute than any other. No nation, we say, can with safety permit this sort of thing to grow up within itself, just as no physical organism can safely permit a cancer to find and retain lodgment within it.

Not in the Idaho story, nor in the events transpiring about us can we see the worst effects of that debauched and maddened unionism now running riot through the country. Society could perhaps endure instances of criminality; it could repair the ravages of assassination; it could make good the losses which these things impose upon it. If indeed such manifest effects of unionism as we have traced were merely incidental and in their way accidental, we might get over them, just as every country has recovered from ten thousand abuses in the course of its history. Far more serious than the criminal violence of the time is the spirit which these violences foster and promote. It is taking the virtue out of our working population; it is implanting deeply in all elements of society that monstrous vice of class division and hatred which our fathers exorcised by such terrible sacrifices. Worse than all, it is making for the youth of the country an atmosphere fatal to every natural and worthy motive, so charged with evil suggestions as to vitiate the moral character of whomever breathes it. We are told by those who know whereof they speak that it is not the older, the soberer, the wiser heads in labor unionism who are at fault for the villanies done in its name, who give it its spirit, who generate its atmosphere. Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone, these conceivers and promoters of crime, Orchard and Adams, their agents in assassination, all are relatively young men. They have been bred up in ways and under influences which their fathers knew not of. They are the precocious children of a social degeneracy which is spreading widely, and which tends to involve the whole of our youth. Who has not observed within the month multitudes of juvenile hoodlums in the Mission and other districts deeply infected with the spirit of unionism, running through the streets, calling out in vile phrases to every passing car, throwing bricks and stones wherever and whenever the hand of police authority is relaxed? Here we see the primary clasess in that conscienceless and shameless influence which is flowing out of unionism, unrestrained by moral impulses or by the law.

In the course of these discussions the Argonaut has again and again declared what every thoughtful man knows to be the truth, namely, that the most solemn of all human responsibilities is that of breeding and rearing the oncoming generation. We venture to say, not only to the people of San Francisco but to the country at large, that we are not meeting this responsibility in any fair or adequate way. We give prodigious sums for "education," but we give almost nothing for **training**. We have made "education" a fetish, we have endowed it as never before in the world's history, and we have abandoned it to faddists and specialists, out of touch with life, out of sympathy with the realities of things, out of harmony with the age in which they live, its aims, its purposes, its needs. Our colossal system of "education" grinds out its multitudes, not to the ends of social welfare and progress. Not all, indeed, of the prodigious expenditure of effort is lost, but the product of our schools contributes not so much to our working power, to

the support of the great forces of social welfare, as to the army of social parasitism, to social discontent, to social demoralization. Is there anybody who questions this statement? Let him look to the facts—to the stern facts! And in explanation of these facts as he will find them, let him take note that, of the multitude of our schools there is not one in which a California boy may learn to be a working miner, a working carpenter, a working machinist, a working farmer, or a practical sailor. Let him take note of the demoralization which our modern life is working upon numbers of little boys engaged in the night messenger service and in multitudinous other occupations which subject them untimely to the world's knowledges and temptations. Let him take note of the multitudes of young girls drawn by the department store, by the telephone service, by the typewriting machine, and a thousand other occupations from that domesticity in whose atmosphere, with the knowledge and the propensities promoted by it, lie efficiency and safety for womanhood. Let him take note of the fact that a selfish labor unionism, jealous even of the competition of its own children, shuts the shop door in the face of those who would learn the useful trades. We are growing up a body of youth, under unnatural conditions, in an unwholesome atmosphere, under wrong suggestions, without training, without discipline, without a right outlook upon life. Let nobody imagine that this is said in the spirit of smartness. It is spoken not without knowledge, not in triviality of mood, but in such a spirit of earnestness as almost blanches the cheek of him who writes when he thinks upon the world in which those who come after him are to live.

When the Argonaut speaks of labor unionism as it exists in San Francisco, when it says to our people that there is no just or safe compromise with it at the point of its aggressive pretensions, when it urges support of those who are fighting a desperate fight for the "open shop," when it depreciates the acts of those whose policy or malice are tending to weaken the fight, it is with all these considerations in mind. Profoundly do we believe that we have come to a crisis in the social development of the country when we must either assert and maintain the integrity of the American system as it came to us from our fathers or go down through a course of social degeneracy to ultimate disaster. We believe that all other considerations and interests involved in our complicated local situation as it presents itself today are trivial in comparison with this supreme issue. It is, we believe, no time for questioning, for quibbling, for compromise, but a time to stand firmly, not only for what is right but for what in the supremest sense is expedient. It is because we believe as we do that we hold in contempt these counsels of timidity and folly which urge some patch-up of difficulties, that will bid the processes of industry and commerce to go limping on with no settlement upon the firm rock of principle. Now, we believe, is the time to fight this fight out to its finish. Any patch-up of differences will be a compromise with a false principle and a false practice. It will only postpone the issue: it will only make the final battle which must be fought more difficult to win. Speaking for itself, the Argonaut would rather sacrifice every interest that it has in the world in a fight for the principle we call American, than to live under a tyranny more remorseless, more shameful, more debased, than that against which our grandsires laid down their lives at Brandywine and South Mountain.

Another word: It is not against the legitimate union of workingmen, inspired by reasonable purposes and working to proper ends, that the Argonaut speaks. It is not at odds with those who imagine they have said something very wise when they declare that "unionism has come to stay." The Argonaut has been at the pains to show why unionism has come, why it was justified in coming, and why it must stay. We have shown that unionism is an outgrowth of the same social development which has produced the corporation. If capital is to cast aside personalism, to work in the mass, to employ administrative agents, then must there be conceded to labor a corresponding right and privilege. The labor union is as legitimate a thing as the corporation, having back of it the same motives and the same justification. Labor union has indeed a necessary and legitimate work to do. In so far as the Argonaut stands opposed to unionism it is at the point of its extreme and illegitimate pretensions. The Argonaut stands opposed to its absurd claims to a monopoly of all labor, against its tendency to demoralize its own membership, against the economic waste involved in its limitation of individual efficiency, against the rules by which it denies opportunity to youth, against its disposition, as illustrated in our own city, to make partnership with the demogogue and the grafter in politics, against that spirit which, demanding every privilege, denies every responsibility.

We believe a time has come when no association of citizens for any purpose ought to be permitted independently of a fixed legal responsibility. We believe that every association claiming any part in the guidance of social interests ought to be made responsible, not only morally but under the law. It is the irresponsibility of our labor unionism that makes it most dangerous as a social institution. Attach to it the same legal obligations which attach to association of capital, and it would instantly cease to be the menace that it is to social integrity and order. As it stands, it is a prodigious force subject to no limitation, unrestrained in all its purposes, without scrutiny as to its methods. Any such institution is bound, through the operation of human interest and passion, to run a course of riotous excess. It has been so with every similarly unguarded social movement in the history of the race; it has been so with the history of every dynasty in every country; it has been so with every religion which has assumed authority over men. Great forces can not safely be permitted to work their will without check and without limit. If we are to save our country against the most colossal disaster human history has ever witnessed, we must find a way to curb this monster of irresponsible unionism.

THE OVER-SOUL.

Idling one day in June, my aimless feet,
Forbidden, crossed the threshold of that fane
By grateful Harvard built for her dear slain,
Whom Freedom counted for her service meet.

Above me rose the glorious sheaf of towers,
As on the snowy tablets, slow, I read
The names of all the generous-hearted dead,
Who were our chivalry's most perfect flowers.

There were the names of men whom all the land
Hailed as the greatest in those dreadful days;
There, too, their names whose only meed of praise,
Was the deep sense of doing God's command.

And one I read which oft I used to speak
In loving-wise, as friend doth speak with friend;
Brave, ardent spirit! wheresoever tend
Thy restless feet, thou dost the highest seek.

And, as I gazed with dimmer sight, I saw
Upon rude stagings high above my head,
The workmen painting words that shall be read
Through countless years of Liberty and Law;

Resounding words of that melodious tongue
Which still doth with the pomp of Virgil swell;
But nought of all their meaning could they tell,
Who on the wall their various colors flung.

And some there were who worked in sombre hues,
While others bravely did illuminate
With red and gold some word of greater weight;
But all alike the meaning all did lose.

Behold, I thought, a parable of those
Whose names are graven on these tablets cold;
They did their work, yet little could have told
Of meanings vast which only Heaven knows.

Behold, I thought, a parable of all
Who do men's work upon this mortal strand;
Great meanings which they cannot understand,
They paint and grave on Time's memorial wall.

There are who work in colors dull and cold;
There are who work in characters of flame:
It matters not, the glory is the same;
For only thus the tale is fitly told,

Which he can read who builds all seas above
So strong that nothing can destroy or mar,
In every sun, in every circling star,
The everlasting temple of his love.

—John White Chadwick.

Among the Churches.

California.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—The Rev. O. L. Corbin of Perris has accepted a call to the pastorate of this church and will enter on the work August 1st.

Claremont.—Nearly $7,000 have been pledged for a pipe organ. It is expected that a sufficient amount will be secured and the organ built and installed within a year.

San Francisco, Olivet.—Two persons were received into membership last Sunday. Children's Day was observed and a contribution of $25 was made for the Sunday-school Society.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The Rev. A. W. Palmer, the newly called pastor, preached last Sunday. Mr. Palmer has not formally accepted the call, but it is understood that he will accept it.

San Francisco, Richmond.—The Rev. David L. Holbrook of Union City, Michigan, has been asked to take charge of the work at Richmond for two months and has consented to do so.

Santa Cruz.—Children's Day was observed by exercises in the morning. Four infants were consecrated and thirteen children from the Sunday-school were received into the membership of the church.

Los Angeles.—The corner stone of the new house of worship for Plymouth Church was laid on the afternoon of Sunday June 9. Money to the additional amount of $1,700 was pledged for the new building at that time.

Fruitvale.—One young woman was baptized and received into membership last Sunday. Also three little babes received the baptismal consecration. The pastor and family left for Long Beach on Monday for a month's vacation.

...Beckwith.—This church now has as its pastor the Rev. Harry Perks who succeeded a few weeks ago the Rev. D. Goodsell who came in December 1906 to take charge temporarily. Mr. Goodsell's work among us was greatly to our encouragement. One of the most successful parts of his work was with the children. Fourteen persons united with the church while Mr. Goodsell was in charge, and the end of his good work among people of all ages is not yet. All regret his departure from us.

Nevada City.—On Sunday June 2 the 34th anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. J. Sims was observed. Twelve adults were received into membership on that occasion and several children were baptized. This is the longest Congregational pastorate on the Pacific coast. And so far as the writer knows the longest in any denomination on the coast. The church at Nevada City is one of the pioneer Congregational churches in California, having been organized in 1857. Mr. Sims, the pastor, was ordained in 1863. On the occasion of these anniversary exercises the church was crowded. In the course of his sermon in the morning Mr. Sims said that he had been able to preach to one congregation for 34 years because he had an inexhaustible source from which to draw—that through all the years he had diligently worked in the mine of divine truth. He stated that near his native home is a mine that has been worked for more than 200 years, and is more productive today than ever before; and that the result of his explorations of the Bible convinces him that there are yet therein great riches.

Washington.

Seattle.—The Rev. S. M. Freeland goes East soon to spend a couple of months in old familiar places, and to attend the 50th anniversary of his class at Yale.

Beach.—On Sunday June 9, the church at Beach (J. D. Hudson, pastor), observed Children's Day, and made it decision day also. Our collection amounted to considerable more than last year, and seven decided to unite with the church, five of whom were members of our Sunday-school.

Tacoma, First.—The $30,000 recently subscribed and the money realized from the sale of the present site will enable the church to build on the lots purchased for that purpose some time ago a house of worship commensurate with the needs of the field. A beautiful and commodious structure will be erected, about $60,000 being available for that purpose.

A REQUEST OF THE WASHINGTON CHURCHES.

The churches in Washington are hereby requested to send items of news direct to The Pacific. Let us try that plan for a time at least and see whether it will not result in more church news from that state.

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

The fortieth anniversary of the wedding of Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Atkinson, formerly of San Rafael, Calif., was quietly observed at the Congregational parsonage in Campbell this past week. At the "Wedding dinner" Mr. Atkinson's children presented their parents with a "Memory Booklet." In it were greetings from friends new and old. Among those who sent their greetings were six different colleges and seminaries; The National Home Missionary Society, under which Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson labored for over a score of years; the "American Board," under whose auspices they were in India for nine years; all the churches which they served in this country, in Iowa, S. Dakota, Washington and California; classmates and friends of forty and fifty years ago; soldier comrades of '61 and '65; and many friends and relatives; and greetings from misisonary friends in India, Turkey, South America, and Japan.

The church in San Rafael, which Mr. Atkinson has served for ten years, observed the fortieth anniversary of his ordination by presenting him with a purse of $100 in gold. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson have laid down the active work and responsibilities of pastor and pastor's wife, and expect to spend the remaining years of their life near Capitola "near the sea."

One of the features of the day was the cutting of a fruit cake made some years ago by Mrs. Atkinson. Part was to be cut on "some special occasion," part when their son, who is a medical missionary in Tur-

key returns to this country, and part to be kept till their first grandson reaches his 21st birthday.

The love and good wishes of their scores of friends follow Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson to their new home, and they pray that their life there may be filled with quiet happiness and blessing.

MEMORIAL SERVICE TO DEACON THOMAS F. HOWARD.

Wm. Horace Day.

Deacon Thomas F. Howard has "fallen asleep," and the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles assembled for a mid-week memorial service. His had been a life of unusual spirituality and force, for he combined strength with piety. Born in Brocton in 1832, after an active business life in Lynn and then in Boston he moved to Chicago, where he shared in the religious movements and life of the middle West. In 1806 he and his wife moved to Los Angeles. So deep was his interest in the progress of the Kingdom on the coast that he subscribed for two copies of The Pacific. As a deason of the church and as a member of numerous committees he was remarkably efficient. With his gifts of money he always first gave himself. He considered it his business not merely to give to those things that were pressed upon his attention, but he continually sought out opportunity to help those who would never have asked for themselves, and those which failed to appeal in a sentimental way. If ever a man talked things up and not down, turned his eyes out and not in, and looked forward and not back it was Deacon Howard.

He often spent the summer with his daughter, Mrs. H. G. Brainard, at Avalon, on the Island of Catalina, and there, too, they had come to lean upon him for counsel and gifts and prayer. Mrs. Cleave of the Avalon Church sang at the memorial service. Prof. H. E. Stores spoke of Mr. Howard as friend, citizen and Christian. Mrs. Mary Porter Haines, the president of the Woman's Missionary Society remembered with gratitude not only the money he gave in the name of his wife who had gone before, but his anxious interest in the success of the Society's attempt to meet its pledges to the various benevolences.

Rev. John L. Maile, as secretary of the Home Missionary Society, reminded us of Mr. Howard's keen interest in whatever affected the Church of Christ in the weak places, and of his never-failing faith as well as generosity.

Miss Peck, long time member of the church, said that few had ever been as helpful in the inspiring and fervent prayers which fell from his lips; his eagerness to relieve everyone of suffering and his consideration for the faults of others was a constant and gentle rebuke. Perhaps the most striking of the quiet tributes paid were those which came from the representative young people, as Miss Rice and Dr. Harwood spoke of Mr. Howard, the friend of everyone, especially those who were younger than himself, whether it was to the little baby across the street or to the young men just entering life.

He had a rare gift of making himself one with young and old, and "deeds of week-day holiness fell from him noiseless as snow."

The secret of this effective life, for so many years self forgetful, inspiring and helpful to others, is to be found in that wonderful movement just fifty years ago, when, under the leadership of Finney, the fire on the altar flamed up in the hearts of thousands, who, from the year 1857 found all things new in Christ Jesus. At that time the young man Thomas F. Howard first found him who promised the ageless life. In passing from our sight beyond the vail he has but gone forward another step in the infinite journey.

THE FEDERATE SUMMER SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY.

Among the lecturers of the Federate Summer School of Theology at Berkeley (July 22-August 2) will be President William Douglas MacKenzie, of Hartford Theological Seminary, Hartford, Conn. Dr. MacKenzie is a graduate of Edinburgh University, and the author of a number of well-known works, such as "The Revelation of Christ," "Christianity and the Progress of Man," and "The Ethics of Gambling." He is an incisive thinker and a forceful speaker. The subjects of his lectures deal with live theological issues of our day. The general title of the series is "Some Problems in Theism," and the themes of the individual lectures are the following:

1. The Origin of Religion.
2. The Proof of the Divine.
3. The Divine Immanence.
4. Evolution and Revelation.
5. Miracle in Relation to Nature and Christianity.
6. Immortality.

During this year's Federate Summer School of Theology, five courses of lectures will be given, by as many lecturers, comprising twenty-six lectures in all A merely nominal registration fee of three dollars will be charged. By special arrangement with representatives of the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe systems, a round trip rate of a fare and a third will be granted on the receipt certificate plan, provided there are at least fifty people in attendance holding such certificates. A folder giving details of dates and courses will be ready soon. Application may be made to Dean Wm. Frederic Bade, 2616 College Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

OLD AGE.

"It is too late!" Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand OEdipus, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus at fourscore and ten
Had but begun his "Characters of Men."
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales;"
Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.

What then? Shall we sit idly down, and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Henry W. Longfellow.

The Home.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter, and flitter and fold their wings;
Maybe they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always on purpose those wonderful strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds among other things.
—Adeline D. T. Whitney.

A MORNING PRAYER.

Almighty Father, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, we thank thee for thy merciful keeping through another night. May the Day-Spring from on high visit us, and guide us into the way of peace. All thy works praise thee, O Lord. "The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." We ask not for length of days, but we pray for grace so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. We would this morning go forth with trustful and thankful hearts, feeling sure that the Lord will provide. Direct our path, Heavenly Father, and grant that all our works may be begun, continued, and ended in thee. Should dark clouds gather around us, and the path of duty prove difficult, may we feel thee near, and hear thee say "Be strong and of good courage." May it be our daily joy to dwell, as we desire, in the circle of the presence of our Master Christ, who said, "Abide in Me." Amen.

THE NATURAL WAY.

"Why is it that your girls know all about housework, baking, cooking, cleaning, etc., and seem interested in everything that pertains to the home, the children, their wants and necessities, etc?" asked one mother of another.

"Well, I have always let my children work with me," was the mother's answer. "From the time they were babies and sat in a high-chair beside me while I baked pies or mixed bread, they have always been 'at my heels.' Of course they bothered me in my work and teased me for 'dough,' but that was the way they learned everything. And that is where mothers generally fail in this respect—they put the children off in another room, or send them out to play, 'out of their way,' whereas these little ones might be learning right along. My little girls learned how to make pies in this way: They had little pie-tins, and also rolling-pins and tiny mixing bowl, and their pies were made in exact imitation of mine. When I made bread they also made little loaves in their pans, and their tiny biscuits were as cute as could be! When I ironed they also ironed on a chair beside my ironing table, and their small flat-irons were put to good use on ironing day. So it was with all of my work. They worked along with me, and it often was as much fun for me as for them, and they were always lively company. Among their toys for Christmas or birthday presents were these tiny imitations of my culinary tools as mentioned above; also little brooms, sweepers, tiny tubs, wringers, wash-boards and the like. And the nearer they were like the real article the better the little girls were suited.

"When I made a pudding they had to watch the proceeding; when I cooked anything or canned or pickled they helped do what they could. When I dressed a fowl or a rabbit, they always were at my elbow. As I said before, they were 'lots of bother' many times; when I was in a dreadful hurry it took patience to answer their numerous questions and wait on them, but it paid in the end, for my girls can do everything in the domestic line, and I'm proud of it. Many a time when 'mother' is late in getting home from some meeting or call, or when she is very tired or indisposed, what a comfort it is to know that these little girls, not yet in their teens can get a meal as quickly and neatly and neftly and as cheerfully as the most experienced and capable housekeeper of forty or fifty." —Ex.

THE "PATENT MEDICINE" EVIL.

Among the many destructive influences that combine against the life of the modern civilized man the most insidious and gratuitous is the patent medicine evil.

About the patent medicine evil there are features that make it unique, anomalous.

Here is a giant industry, the sales of which amount every year to $100,000,000. And what do they sell to the people for that amount? Poison. That is all—poison which the poor dupes, ignorant of the laws of their own bodies, of their own minds, of life, buy eagerly, and swallow with avidity, in the absurd hope that in some magic way it will save them from the result of their own folly—will make them well, strong, energetic, beautiful.

And this drug, this poison—what does it do? Well, the patent medicine is, in practically every case, either a stimulant or a cathartic. Many patent medicines are both. If a stimulant, it is usually labeled by the makers "tonic," "bitters," "nervine," or named after some common popular home remedy supposed, like celery, to be "good for the nerves," or lige motherwort, to be a cure for "female troubles."

And the unfortunate man or woman who as a result of overwork, errors in diet, worry or negative mental habits finds himself, herself, in discomfort, sees the insidious, lying advertisement of some vile compound, and turns to it as to a savior and friend—spends for it, often enough, money needed for food and shelter.

And the result? Oh, he feels better—"like old times," he will tell you. "Great stuff, that Foolem's Tonic. Better get some yourself." "It is very nice," she will say. "It makes me feel better as soon as I take a dose. Of course it is expensive; but—"

And so they do feel better—for a time. For a little time, during which the nerve-paralyzing effect of the drug lasts. But the actual condition of the system is not, can not be helped by any such measure; and soon the deadly reaction sets in. Then the patent medicine victim feels worse than ever. So he takes some more of the stuff. And so on, and on, and on, deranging his functions, making his symptoms, laying the foundation for drug habits.—Health Culture.

"If, drunk with the sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

The Quiet Hour.

For we must share if we would keep,
The blessing from above,
Ceasing to give we cease to have,
Such is the law of love.
—Richard Chenevix French.

"LIKE AS A FATHER."

The life of a beautiful girl was nearing its close. The busy father, active in legal and political life, made short visits to his office to perform the most necessary duties, and hurried home again day by day to be near her in her last days. He spent every possible moment in granting every wish, and it was a comfort to him that his daughter was finding in her religion a source of strength that robbed approaching death of terror. He was an upright man, but one from whose busy life religion had been crowded out.

One day, as he sat by the bedside of his daughter, she asked him to read to her. He found a magazine and read her some bright bits of poetry and fiction. It pleased her, but she wanted something else.

"Father," she asked, "will you get my Bible and read from that?"

"Certainly, my dear," he answered, and was rather glad than otherwise of her request.

He was a strong man, with a clear voice and a good degree of self-control. He had mastered his own feelings in those days of patient and affectionate administration, that he might bring to the sick room every element of cheer that was possible. And now, he began calmly and quietly, to read the Sermon on the Mount. He knew where to find it, and he knew that it was good, and he read it with a growing appreciation of its beauty and its sublimity.

But the daughter grew more and more restless.

"Don't you like it?" he asked

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, "it isn't that I want, about our righteousness exceeding that of the scribes and Pharisees! Can't you find the place where it says, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him' ?"

His voice trembled a little, but he said, "I will find it," and he turned to the concordance in the back of the Bible. But when he found the place and began to read, "Like a father," he could bear no more.

"O my child," he cried, "if God cares for you as I do—"

He bent over the bed and wept.

"It is the verse we both need," she said, softly, after a few minutes.

And he knelt beside the bed and said:

"Yes, my child, that is the verse for both of us."—Youth's Companion.

There are millions of loving thoughts and deeds
All ripe for awakening,
That never would start from the world's cold heart
But for sorrow and suffering.
—Robert Beverly Hale.

Young People.

THE CHAIN.

"Such a little Lie!" said Johnny, "and so white!"
So he told it without fear
(Though he felt a little queer),
And things seemed to go quite pleasantly and right.

But the next day came another Lie to call.
"You will need me very soon!"
(So he did, that very noon.)
And this second Lie was gray—not white at all.

Pretty soon a third lie came to join the two.
"You must use me before long!"
(Johnny felt the need was strong.)
But this lie was black—as black as Johnny's shoe.

After that they came in crowds to Johnny's door,
And he had to tell them all,
While the first Lie, white and small,
Sat and grinned—he'd worked the trick so oft before!
—Priscilla Leonard, in Morning Star.

HARD WORK AND HIGH IDEALS.

Half a dozen houses in the neighborhood were freshly painted this spring, and all by the same painter, a quiet young man, whose thoroughness and skillfulness had passed into a proverb in the town.

"We can't afford not to have him do the work," one householder had said. "He is absolutely careful in every detail, and he knows his trade perfectly—all the little nicities of it."

One morning a boy was watching the painter at work and envying him what seemed such an easy job—"just brushing on some paint," he told himself. He thought—did that boy—of a certain slow, "poky" task of his own, and impatiently wished he could do some simple work like that painter's.

"How long does it take to learn that trade?" he inquired complacently.

"Well," said the busy young painter as he drew his brush along a particularly difficult place, "they say one can learn it in three years; but I've been at it seven years now, and I don't know what I ought to know about it yet. There's still lots to learn."

The painter's own ideal of work was always just beyond his own achievement. In that lay the secret of his thoroughness, his skill, his success. It is such interest and ambition in one's work that makes patience easy to keep.

The man who "knows it all" in three years is not the man for whom the owners of half a dozen business houses will wait their turn to have him paint them. —Ex.

HOW TO MAKE TIME.

Bertie was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lessons. He had thrown his books peevishly on the table and had ruffled his hair in a fit of temper, and had stamped upon the floor and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window looking out moodily upon the

lawn. How slowly the time went by! Tick, tick, tick! What a slow, stupid old clock it was. Why did it not go faster? It seemed ages since ten o'clock, and yet it was only eleven now! Another hour and a half before lunch.

His father entered the room and looked at him sadly. "Tired of doing nothing, Bertie?" said he. "Come out on the lawn with me, and I will show you something."

They walked out together, and Bertie's father showed him the birds darting hither and thither, the sparrows and starlings in the eaves, and the rooks high up in the great trees, and the robins among the hedges. Then he asked Bertie to listen to Tom, the stable boy, whistling and singing merrily as he went about his work.

"Do you know why they are so happy, Bertie?" he asked.

Bertie shook his head.

"It is because they are busy doing something. The birds are building their nests. Tom is doing his duty in the stable. It is God's law that we cannot be happy unless we are at honest work. Now try it for an hour, and see how the time slips by."

Bertie's face brightened. He felt interested to see how the experiment would succeed. He went in and set himself to learn the second and third declensions in Latin, walking to and fro as he did so. By the time he had accomplished his task he looked up, expecting to see that half the time had gone. He could hardly believe his own eyes. The hand of the clock pointed to half-past twelve! He had been so busy that he had not even heard it strike the hour.—Sunday School Advocate.

RESPONDED TO HIS NAME.

Dog Had Good Excuse for His Appearance in Church.

"Willie was asleep and Dan was lonely," says Our Little Ones. "Willie is the minister's son, Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and every one was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny, and they could hear the good preacher, for their house was next door to the church.

"'Dan,' said Willie, 'it is better here than in church, for you can hear every word, and don't get prickles down your back, as you do when you have to sit up straight.'

"In some way, while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Dan kissed him in the nose, but when Willie went to sleep he went to sleep to stay, and did not mind trifles. So Dan sat down with the funniest look of care on his wise, black face, and with one ear ready for outside noises.

"Now, the minister had for his subject Daniel. This was the name he always gave Dan when he was teathing him to sit up and beg, and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking, the name Daniel fell in his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his fore paws drooping close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted 'Daniel' again, the sharp barks said: 'Yes, sir,' as plainly as Daniel could answer.

"The minister started back, looked around, and saw the funny little picture; then he wondered what he should do next, but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father, and took Dan in his arms, and said:

"'Please 'scuse Dan, papa. I went asleep and he runned away.'

"Then he walked out with Dan, looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but then he made a resolve if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel he would remember to tie up his dog."

MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see,
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

PEACE CONFERENCE.

The Hague Conference met Saturday afternoon, June 15. Nelidoff, the Russian representative, was elected president. His opening address is said to have been decidedly belligerent for a peace conference. Universal peace, the distinguished Russian thinks, is a dim dream. The speech was a sort of notice to the conference that Russia was not satisfied with the defeat she got at the hands of Japan. From this opening speech it would seem that the Czar had called the powers together to exhort them not to press the claims of peace beyond the program laid own by Russia. Unless the European powers are willing to lighten the burden of the military, the Hague conference is likely to degenerate into sheer hypocrisy. Public sentiment is growing and the Hague conference cannot do less than keep up with public opinion. The name of President Roosevelt was cheered to the echo. He is not only a great national but the greatest international personality of the present day. The opening is exceedingly conservative, but one cannot fail to see the tremendous possibilities of this world movement. The Christian people should pray for the Hague conference. On the same day Saturday, June 15th, the Czar dissolved the Douma and set aside the temporary constitution. There seems to be a considerable reaction in Russia. The contention of the Czar is that the present method of election gives the educated class no chance. Russia is bristling with bayonets while the President of the Hague conference is thinking universal peace is no nearer than the fixed stars, something to which "our wagons are to be hitched."

TO THE MOTHERS' CONGRESS.

Hail, lovers of the lore of Motherhood!
In wide exchange of home-made wisdom wise,
In search of truth with keen, wide-open eyes,
Your coming augurs for the common good.

Home-makers and home-guardians ye have stood
And helped successive generations rise;
In storm and stress have given smiles, not sighs;
In potent patience "have done what you could."

Come, pilgrim mothers, from your households bright,
With patriot purpose and for childhood's weal.
Come on in phalanx strong in faith and prayer.
Converge your thousand rays of hearthstone light
Till all our homes its radiant warmth shall feel
And earth with love at work be sweet and fair.

ALBERT OSBORN.

Washington, D. C.

A MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

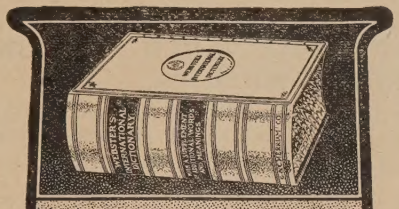
The message which President Roosevelt sent to the World's Fifth Sunday School Convention at Rome, was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The message as received by Mr. Edward K. Warren, President of the World's Sunday School Convention, read as follows:

"Pray express the assurance of my hearty good will to those engaged in giving a world character to organized Sunday School work. All good citizens must cordially sympathize with the effort to secure for the children of all countries, for those who will come after us and in whose hands the destinies of their several nations will lie, the education in things spiritual and moral that even more than the education of the head and the hand are necessary to the making of the highest type of citizenship. I wish all success to those, whatever their creed, who disinterestedly and in a spirit alike of common sense and of devotion to duty thus seek to train the future generation in the things of the spirit no less than in the things of the body."

With regard, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



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Bowknot Fine Eastern Peas, 3 for	.25
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Tar Soap, 7 bars for	.25
Castile Soap, long white bar	.25
Ripe Olives, gallon tins	1.00
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THE ELDER SON.

(Luke 15: 25).

Martin Hilbish.

The presentation of the elder son has lessons for the Christian. The first born son had choice rights and privileges in the family life and was the heir of special blessings or "testament" remembrance. This Elder Son was ever with the father. He was constant in daily service in yard and field with no sign of disloyalty or of any wilful disobedience. He had right to an abundant share in the harvest increase. He had no concern about the needs of his life. To ask was his daily privilege and to receive his daily blessing. To honor his father was his duty and should have been his pleasure.

The father was rich and generous, yet wisely considerate of his son's best welfare, so was never indulgent to him. There was righteous restraint and wise withholding. No Gentile fashions were recognized and no self-gratification of pride or appetite was allowed. This Elder Son lived at a low experience of privilege. He did not appreciate the heart goodnes of his father and was unconfiding and without practical trust. He lacked the sense or expression of perfect filial love. He filled the place of a Superior Servant and was busy in works. He was in bondage to duty being cold and correct in his esteem of filial loyalty. The unforseen return of the Lost Son became occasion for the manifestation of a distressing spirit of murmuring, envy and ingratitude. The father gave a rebuke for the ungracious spirit. By his duty service only years of love and fellowship with the father had been lost and also loss of joy in service and rest of soul. He was unblest by lack of appreciation and lack of appropriation. A perfect love would have caused him to enter into the heart desire of the father for the return of the Lost Son and have given joint gladness upon his restoration. This ought you to have done and not to have left the other undone. The kind father was desirious of love and fellowship as well as a stay-at-home presence with service. May each Christian have perfect love with its joy service, then will the father's heart be made to rejoice.

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